

67 New Gospel Songs

44 Selected Copyrights

54 Excelsior Department
(No. 112 to 165)

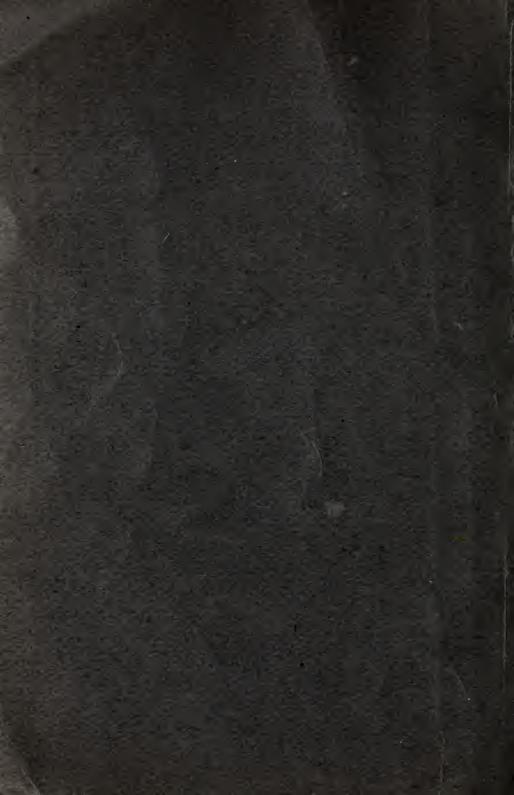
HALL-MACK COMPANY

NEW YORK

PHILADELPHIA

CHICAGO

FOR PHICES AND LOCAL ADDRESSES SEE INSIDE



# The Gospel Message



EDITED BY

J. LINCOLN HALL
C. AUSTIN MILES
ADAM GEIBEL

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#### PREFACE

GOSPEL MESSAGE No. 3 presents a greater variety of composers, a higher type of music and poetry, and a distinct advance in every other particular. The Excelsion Department (Nos. 112 to 165) is far superior to that used in any other book; the word type is more clear and distinct; the selections therein are most valuable. The New Songs (67 in number) have been most critically examined and edited and the Best Gospel Hymns in demand, 44 Selected Copyrights, have been included regardless of expense and effort. Gospel Message No. 3 is offered with assurance of its value to the Religious World.

The Publishers



# Gospel Message, No. 3.

#### No. 1. What Have You Done for Jesus?







G. M. 3.



6

### Just Ahead.—Concluded.



# No. 6. My Mother's Old Bible is True.



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G. M. 3.

#### Such a Friend is Jesus. No. 7. E. E. HEWITT. J. LINCOLN HALL. died me, Such friend Je who to res - cue 2. One who gives vic - t'ry - pow'r, Such a friend is Je sus; $\mathbf{m}\mathbf{e}$ when I Such Je - sus; 3. One who hears me pray, a friend is Such 4. One with his friend Je - sus; who fills $\mathbf{m}\mathbf{e}$ love, and set me free, Suchfriend sus. $\mathbf{m}\mathbf{y}$ place Need - ful 'ry Such friend Je for hour, is grace ev a sus. a - way, Such load friend is Je the heav sus. the Fits Such for realms friend is CHORUS. All voices in unison. Unison. Parts. Such a friend is Je - sus, bless his ho - ly name! Let me his salhis name! Unison. Parts. the world pro-claim; Such a friend is pro - claim; Parts. Sav-iour of my soul; Un - to him be glo - ry while the a - ges roll. my soul;

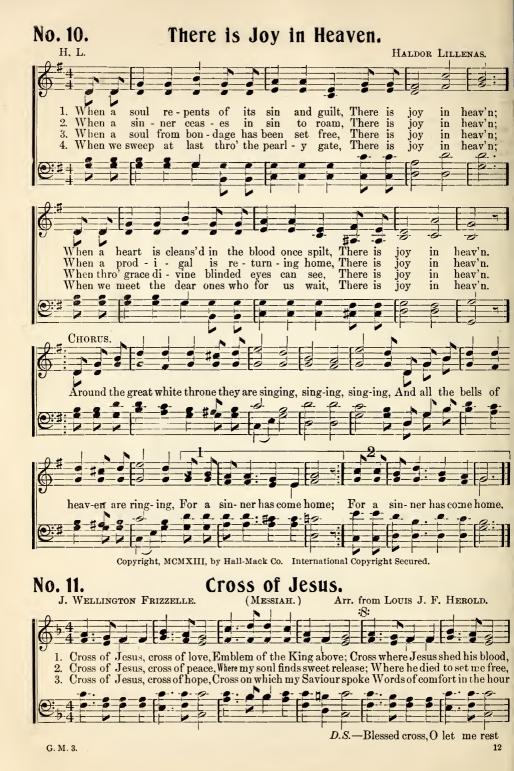
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G. M. 3.



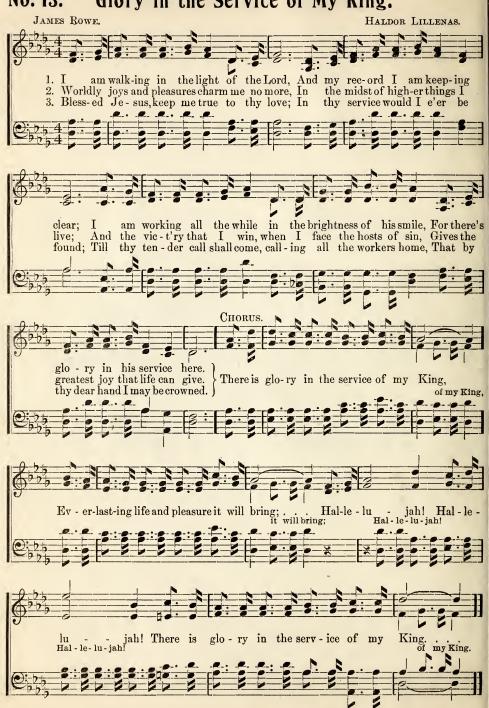
### All Shall Be Well.







# No. 13. Glory in the Service of My King.

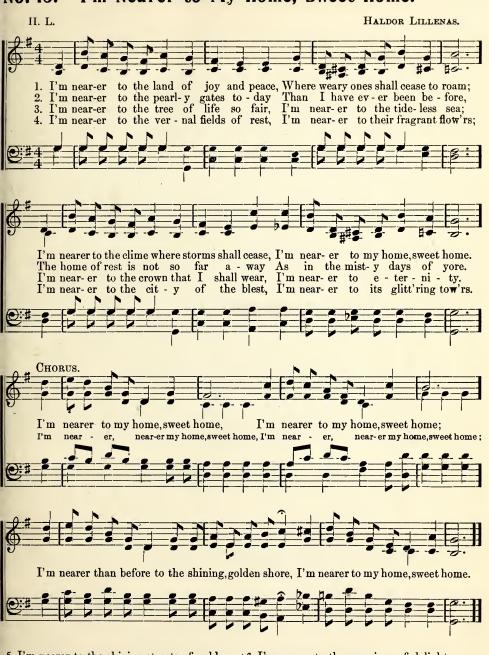


Sweeter as the Years Roll By. No. 14. C. A. M. C. AUSTIN MILES. 1. When up - on bend-ed knee, Je - sus whispered to me, Sweet-er voice I had 2. Ev - 'ry day is a joy sin can nev - er destroy, Ev - 'ry mo-ment in 3. Days may come, they must go, as a tor - rent they flow, Rush-ing on to enev - er heard; But the years as they roll bring a joy to my soul, As I peace I dwell; But I'm long - ing to stand face to face, hand in hand, With the ter - ni - ty; But the time as it flies, brings me near - er the prize That a-CHORUS. lin - ger up-on his word. One whom I love so well. For he is sweet-er as the years roll waits when my King I'll see. as the years roll by, be wor-thy of his love I'll try; So I'll love him more and more, I near the oth- er shore, For he is sweet- er as the years roll by. G. M. 3. Copyright, MCMXIII, by Hall-Mack Co. International Copyright Secured. 15

# No. 15. Don't You Know that He Loves You?



# No. 16. I'm Nearer to My Home, Sweet Home.



- 5 I'm nearer to the shining streets of gold, I'm nearer to the great white throne; I'm nearer to the place where I behold The One who claims me for his own.
- 6 I'm nearer to the mansions of delight, Where sin can never, never come; I'm nearer to the realms where come no night, I'm nearer to my home, sweet home.

### No. 17.

## He Always Knows.

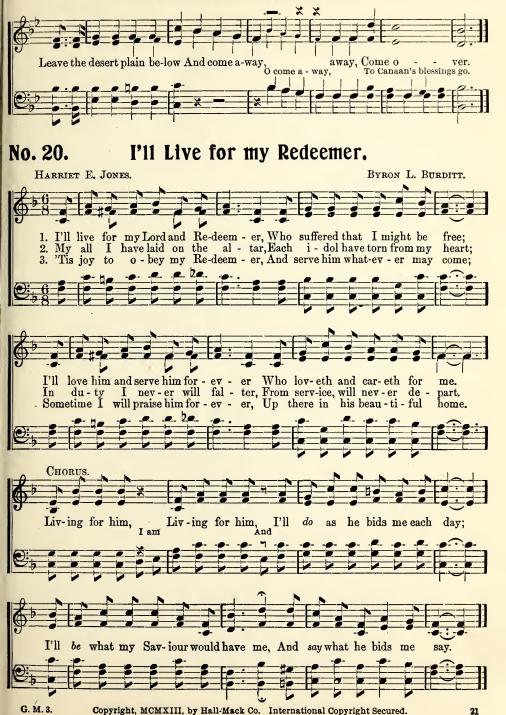


# He Always Knows.—Concluded.





# Come Over.—Concluded.

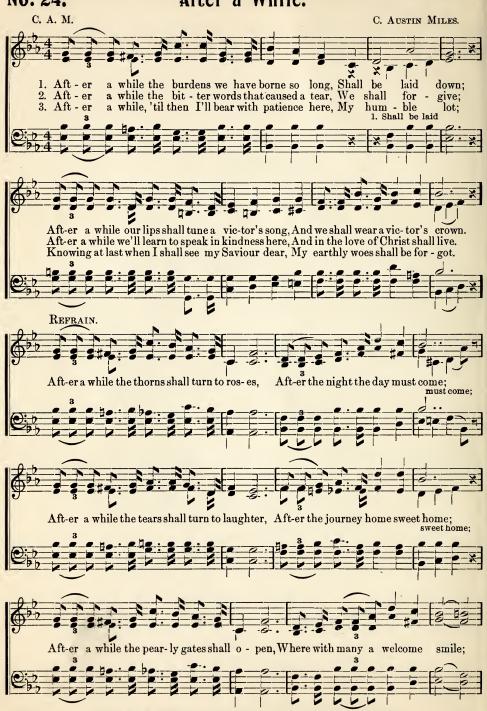




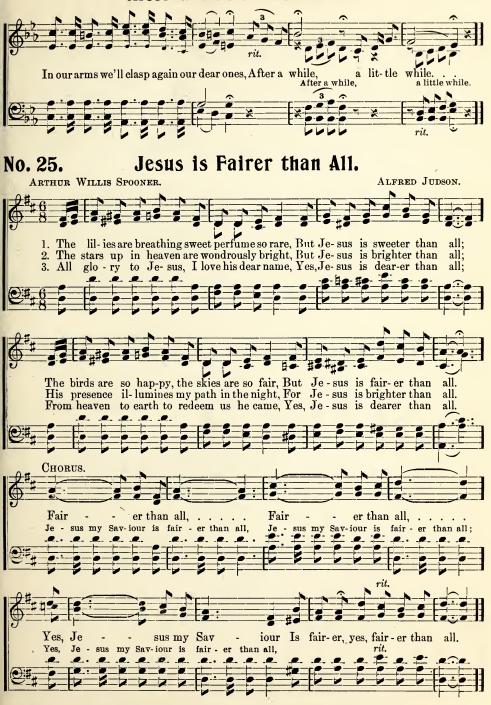
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My trust is complete in





## After a While.—Concluded.





### No. 27.

### Secure in His Keeping.



# No. 28. Won't You Let Him Be Your Saviour Too? IRA B. WILSON. JAMES ROWE. have a precious Saviour, He came from heav'n above; And died for me on have a lov-ing Saviour, He hears me when I call; He helps to bear each have a faith-ful Saviour, With me he will a - bide; And hold my hand un-He Com-FINE. of - fers now to you; Won't you let my Sav-iour Be your Sav-iour too? pas-sion - ate and true; Won't you let my Sav-iour Be your Sav-iour too? Sav-iour I shall view; Broth - er, won't you let him Be your Sav-iour too? D.S.—Won't you let my Sav-iour Be your Sav-iour too? CHORUS. He would prove a faithful friend to Won't you let him be your Saviour too? your Saviour too?

He would pu - ri - fy your soul, keep you ev - er pure and whole;

friend to you;

#### No. 29.

G. M. 3.

### In the Homeland All is Well.

FRONA SCOTT. HALDOR LILLENAS. DUET.-Sop. and Alto, or Tenor. Andante sostenuto. to a coun-try far a - way, When our lov'd ones jour- ney from us si - lent midnight watch-es, when the brooding dread and fears Point a-3. All well, O soul, be-lieve it, sun-shine fol-lows aft - er rain, Ιn wan-der in the val-ley where the gloomy shadows stray; When the rod has left us way thro' end-less a - ges seen thro' sorrow's blinding tears; Soft - ly comes from out the fair and peaceful country thou shalt find thine own a-gain; Sounding from ce - les-tial help-less thro' the blighting blow that fell, Hear we thro' the mist a message, "In the si-lence sweet as fragrant lil - y bell, "Keep the faith and trust for-ev-er, in the por-tals, heav'nly anthems ey - er swell, Ju - bi - lant the thrilling chorus, "In the CHORUS. homeland all is well." In the homeland, blessed homeland, Where the lov'd ones safe-ly dwell, All is sunshine and no shad-ow, In the homeland all is we]

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# I Need Not Lack.—Concluded. CHORUS. ev - 'ry hour, To help me in the strife. sometimes few, He loves us to the end. O that I might ful-ly trust him! For I for a time, His last e - ter - nal - ly. praise I sing, And on his name I call. know that he is nigh; He will nev- er leave me helpless, All my needs he will sup-ply. No. 32. The Scarlet Line of Life. E. E. HEWITT. J. LINCOLN HALL, 1. Throughout the Bi - ble runs a thread, A scar-let line of life; Dyed in the blood that scar - let line of life we see Up-on the sa- cred page; From Sinai's Mount to line of light and life di- vine Extends the a - ges thro'; 'Tis Je- sus blood, a scar - let line of life holds fast The throne of God a-bove, And reaches to the 3. The 4. The CHORUS. Je - sus shed. The scar-let line of life. Cal - va - ry, Thro' past and present age. scar - let line From Calva-ry to you. The scar-let line ex - tends From here to least and last Who on his footstool move. And from the Saviour's pierc-ed side Flows on and reaches

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G. M. 3.

L. S. L. LIDA SHIVERS LEECH. Parts. of life; (of life;) Out in the storm and the tem - pest, Out on the sea Take thou my hand in thine; (in thine;) 2. Dark is the night and I'm wea - ry, 3. Sweet is the voice of my Pi -Ris - ing a - bove the storm; (the storm;) BASS AND TEN. Parts. Far from a safe, peaceful ha - ven, Wrestling with sin and strife; (and strife;) Keep me, dear Saviour, from drift - ing, Hold me by pow'r di - vine; (divine;) Trust me, my child, in the dark - ness, Brighter will be the morn; (the morn:) Parts. Hark, 'tis the voice of my Pi lot, Ris-ing a-bove the storm; (the storm;) Guide me till o - ver the heav -Breaks the e - ter - nal morn; (the morn;) ens, When the dark shadows have lift ed. O - ver the o - cean's foam; (the foam;) I'll pi - lot you safe - ly home. Just trust all to me and faith - ful be, let me ne'er stray from thee a - way, But pi - lot me safe - ly home. still will be near with words of cheer, I'll pi - lot you safe - ly home. safe - ly home. CHORUS. X lot me home, . . . safe-ly, ver the foam. Pi - lot me home. O - ver the foam, O - ver the foam, . . . Pilot me home,

## Pilot Me Home.—Concluded.



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#### No. 36.

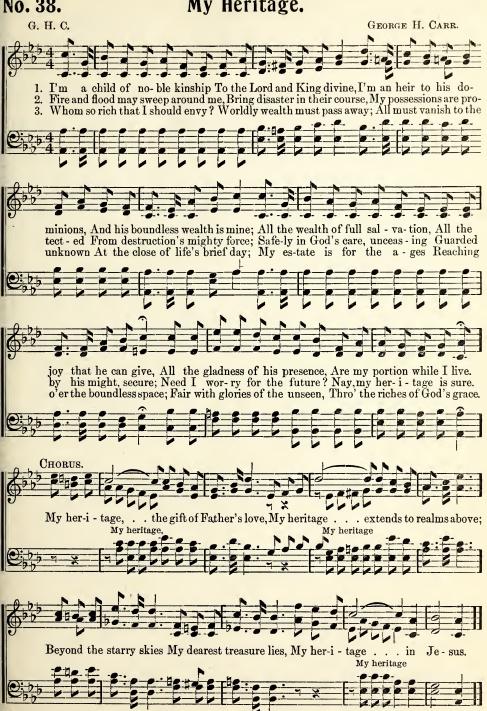
#### Singing All the Way.



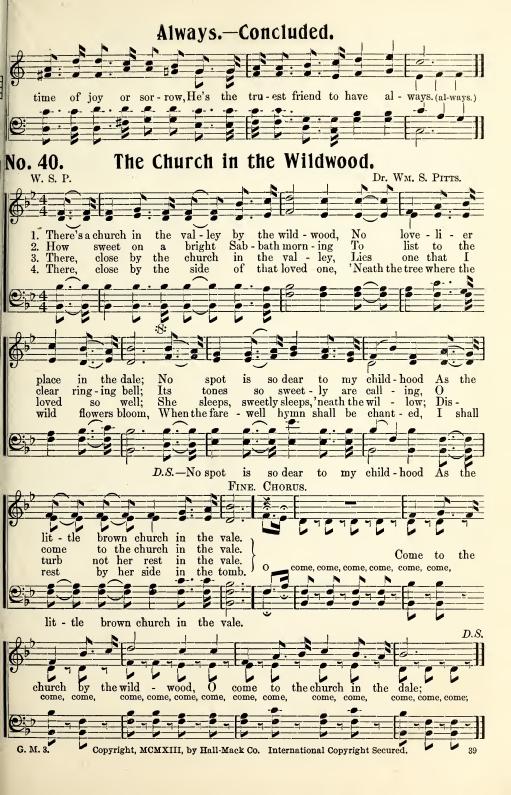


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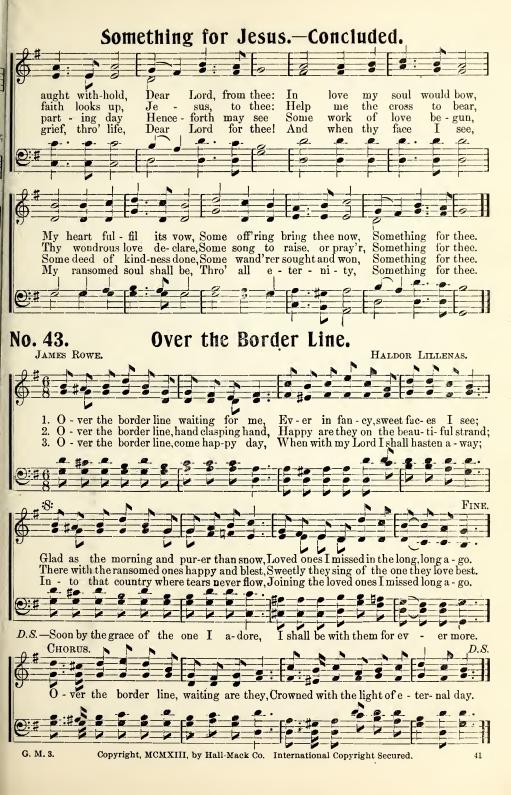
#### My Heritage.







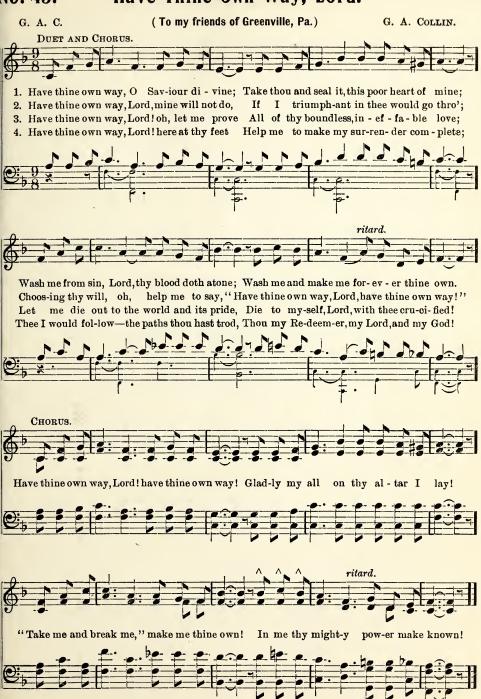






#### No. 45.

### Have Thine Own Way, Lord.



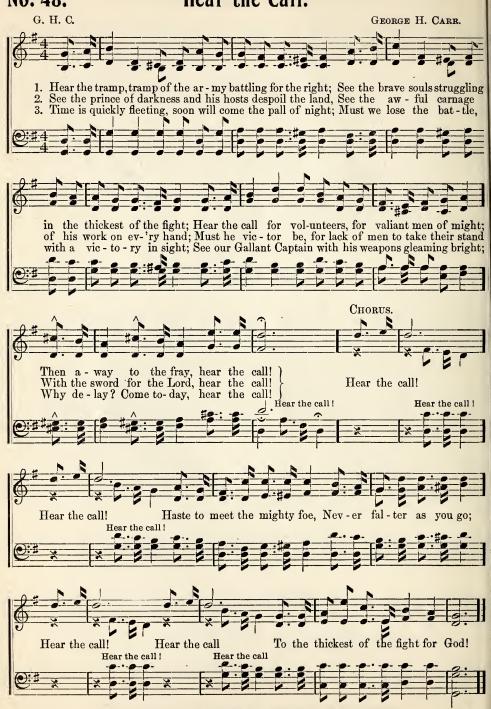
#### No. 46.

#### Jesus is His Name.



#### Jesus is His Name.—Concluded.



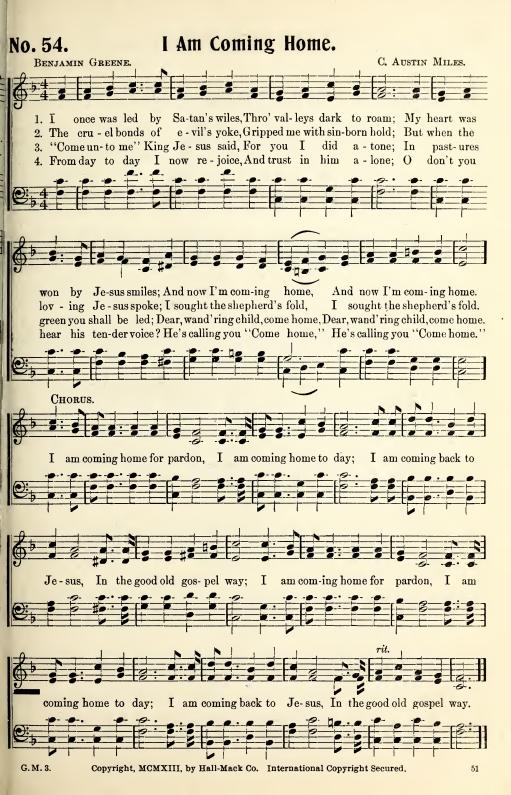








G. H. C. GEORGE H. CARR. 1. I've found the way to vic-t'ry o'er fail-ure and de-feat, I've found the way know I'm weak and sin - ful, there's nothing good in me, A - part from grace, re 3. His strength is my pro-tec-tion, His love, a sooth-ing balm, His Word is my con - quer temp - ta - tions that So now I'm al - ways read - y, I meet; my deem-ing, de-feat - ed I would be; But Christ is al-ways will - ing to his presence keeps me calm; sur - ance. So trust - ing inhis promise, in cour-age at its best, To bravely meet what-ev- er comes; my fears are all help me in my need, So in the time of deep distress, his prom- is - es I plead. hap - pi - ness or woe, I've learned the truth that makes me free, and this one thing I know: CHORUS. Claim God's pow'r and you'll conquer ev'ry foe, Marching to vict'ry wherev Claim God's power. In the weakness of the hour; You will always triumph when you claim God's pow'r. 51



#### No. 55.

G. M. 3.

#### The Old Gospel Story.



#### The Old Gospel Story.—Concluded.





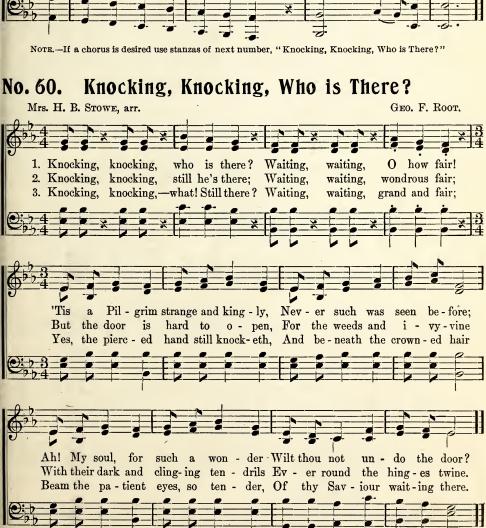
## Don't You Hear Him Knocking? No. 58. C. A. M. C. AUSTIN MILES. Con espress. 1. There is One who stands up-on the threshold, And his eyes with tears o'er-flow; his hand he bears the lamp of mer - cy, On his brow he bears your shame; 3. Keep the spark di - vine with- in you burn- ing, Lest it leave your soul at last; Must he then in sad-ness go? But he gen-tly calls your name. Will you keep him in the darkness wait-ing, You may close your door and leave him wait-ing, And you find when you the door have o - pened, That your time to yield is past. CHORUS. Dont you hear him knocking, knocking? Don't you hear don't you hear don't you hear call-ing? If you grieve him now he may leave you now; Don't you hear your King? He is knocking, knock-ing your knocking, knocking, knocking at your door. G. M. 3. Copyright, MCMXIII, by Hall-Mack Co. International Copyright Secured. 55

### No. 59. Standing, Knocking, Pleading.

("O Jesus, thou art standing" may be used if desired.) W. T. A. WALTER T. ADAMS. ALTO OR BARITONE SOLO. 1. Be - hold the Sav - iour With thorn-en - cir - cled brow, stand - ing, 2. That Saviour now is knock - ing At thy heart's fast-clos'd door, 3. Thy Saviour stands, O sin - ner, And pleads with thee to - night, hands all scarr'd by an - guish see him bow: His nail - prints, In With love which pass - eth know - ledge, How oft he's knock'd be - fore; pa - tient - ly he To make thy path-way bright; wait - eth ten - der plead - ing, "Come, wea - ry heed his dis - tress'd, and still re - ject him, His ten - der de - plore? vou love With nail-pierc'd hand he knock - eth, And pleads "give me thy heart;" Copyright, MCMXIII, by Hall-Mack Co. International Copyright Secured. G. M. 3,

### Standing, Knocking, Pleading.—Concluded.





57

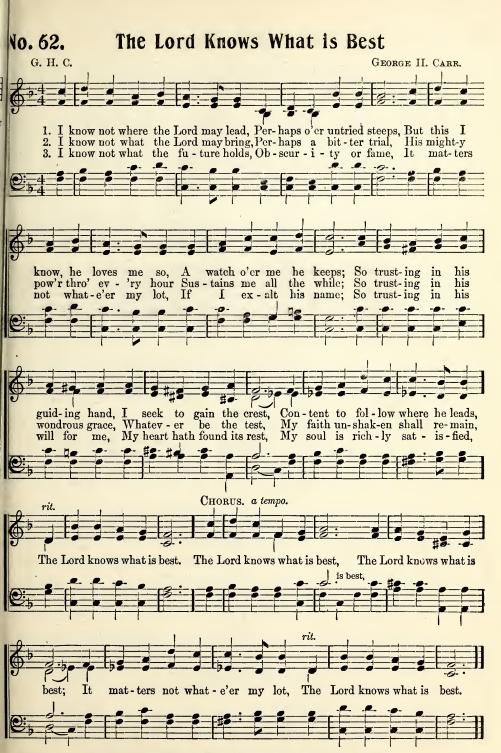
G. M. 3.

# No. 61. Perhaps I am Nearer Home than I Think. H. L. HALDOR LILLENAS. 1. Per-haps the bells of evening, That ring in the twilight hour, That soft-ly chime their 2. Per-haps the gates of glo - ry, That glit - ter as diamonds bright, Shall soon to me be 3. Per-haps the throne e - ter - nal, As white as the driv-en snow, Fair as the summer 4. Per-haps the ma - ny mansions, That rise in ce - les - tial air, Will soon un-fold their mu - sic, With mel-low, en-trancing pow'r; Are peal-ing forth the an - them Of o - pened, While shadows will take their flight; Perhaps the fields su - per - nal, Soon shall morn-ing, Is near - er than I know; Per - haps the waves of glo - ry, Roll-ing beau - ty, Dis - clos-ing their treasures rare; Per - haps the One I've worshiped, And have day that soon shall close, And aft - er the day of la - bor, Comes home and sweet repose. my gaze un-fold, Where sweet scented flowers flourish, Be-side the streets of gold. the tideless shore, Are near-er than I may fan - cy, Much near-er than be-fore. loved these ma-ny years, Will soon speak his words of welcome, And wipe a - way all tears. REFRAIN. Perhaps I am nearer Near-er than I think, It may be my sun begins to set; home, Soon shall reach the goal, Omit..... Perhaps I am nearer home, nearer home. I think,

Soon in the distance I may see, The homeland of the soul.

I may be near the brink;

near the brink:



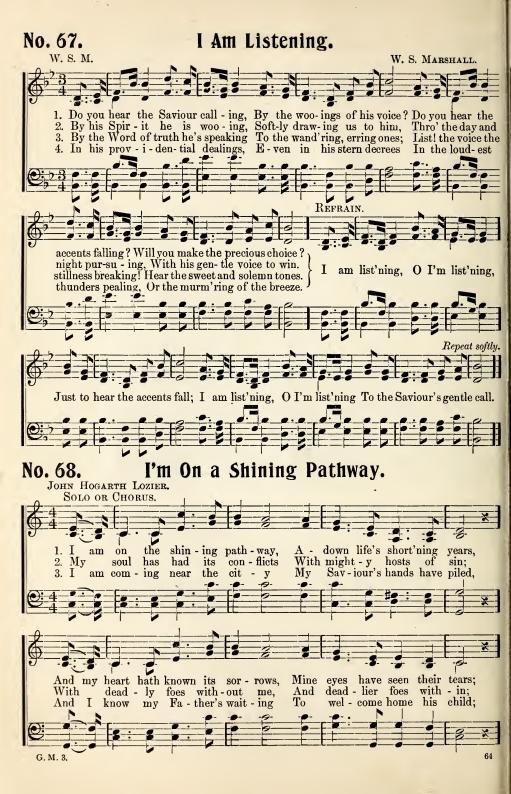


G. M. 3.

# Keep Up Courage.—Concluded. So keep strength will e'er en - dure, up cour-age, the vic - to - ry sure. Song of Redemption. No. 64. RUSSELL HANCOCK MILES. BENJAMIN GREENE. There's a song which I love to be sing - ing, The song which I sing is much sweeter I will sing the sweet song of redemp-tion, What Je-sus has done for my soul; Than the tune which the angels be-gin; While here on this plan-et be - low; I think I can hear joy bells ringing, O sinner, his blood makes you Their mu-sic has not the same me-ter, They know not the bondage of The grace of my Saviour I'll mention, That caused me his likeness to sinner, his blood makes you whole. sin. know. CHORUS. rit. A song of redemp-tion I'll sing, Of pardon thro' Jesus, my King; my King; Whose blood made me whole, whose love fills my soul, 'Til the arches of heaven shall ring. . . heaven shall ring.











66

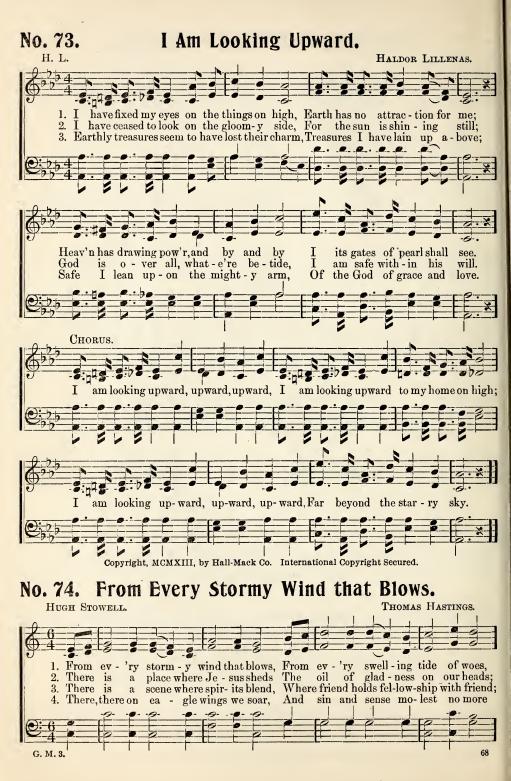
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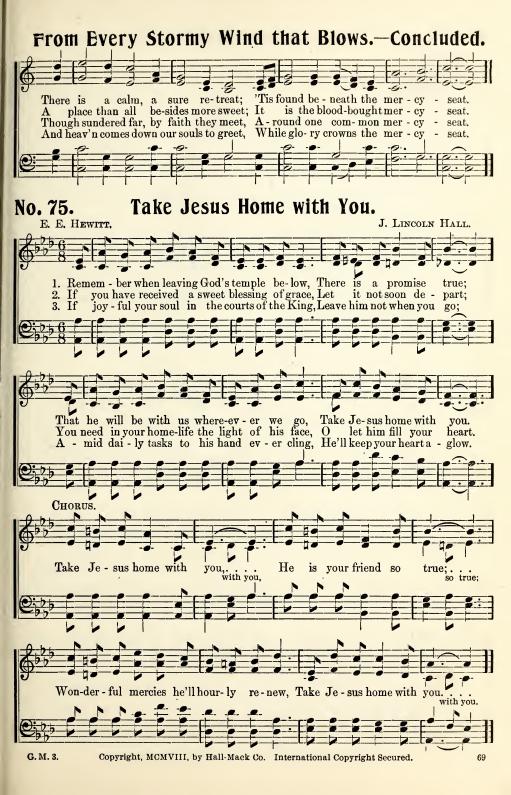
#### Christ will Never Fail.—Concluded.

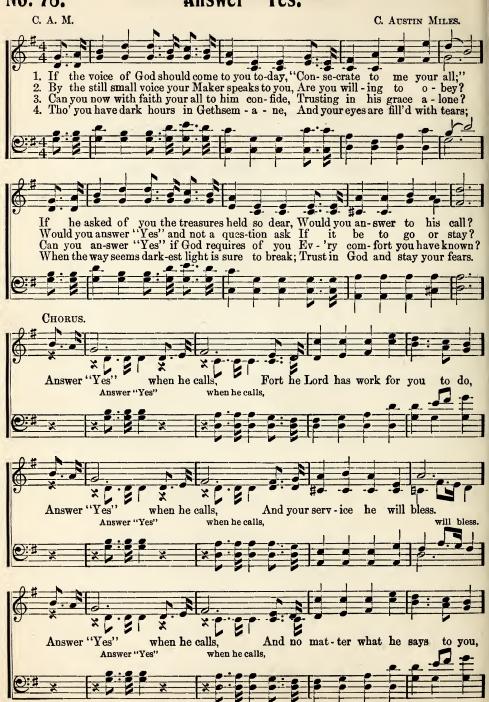


#### No. 72. Blest Be the Tie that Binds.

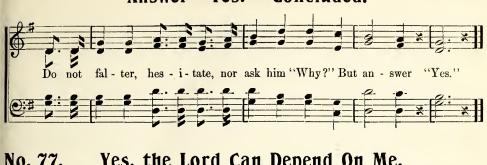








#### Answer "Yes."-Concluded.

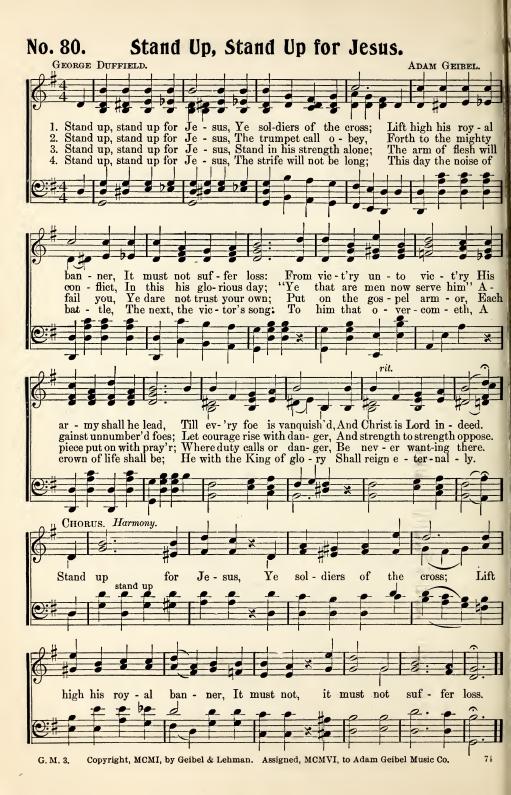


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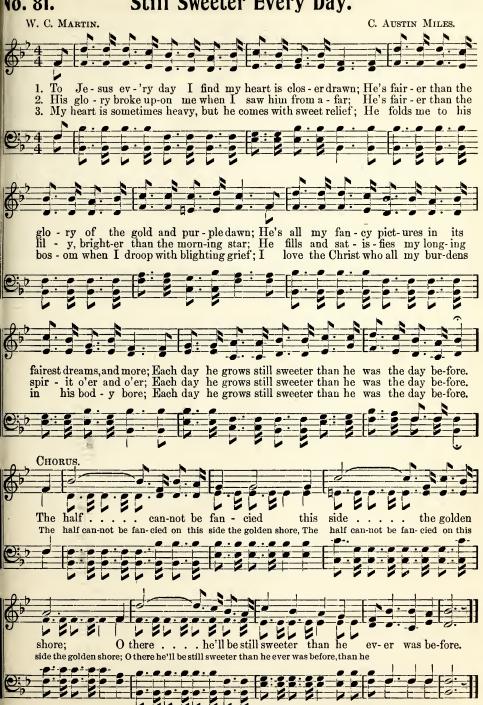






#### No. 81.

#### Still Sweeter Every Day.





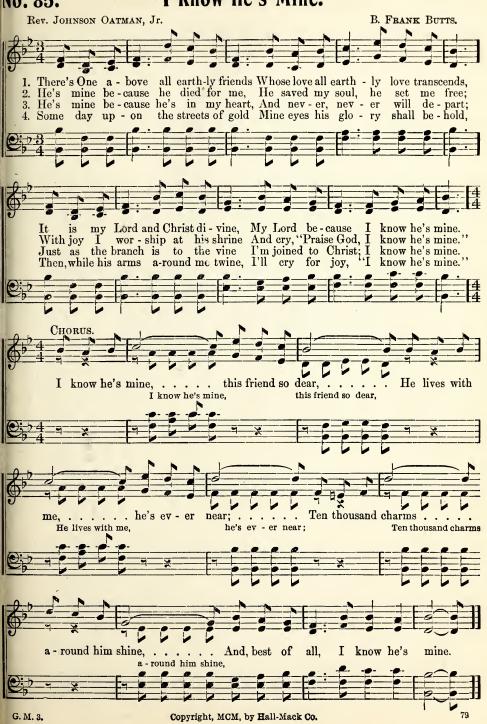
#### When the Roll is Called.—Concluded.



#### No. 84. I Know Whom I Have Believed. C. A. M. C. AUSTIN MILES. 2 2 2 : be Ι am glo - ry bound, Praise - es to God, for For Ι am 2. I am un - der grace, nor 3. When the days are drear - y, 4. Not a - lone for me, but lon - ger un - der law, spent in pain or woe, In the bless-ed When the watches but all who will may find Sweetest Ask of God mir - a - cle $\mathbf{of}$ grace; a sign, it sure - ly can be found light of love I'm To the word of God Ι free; when sore distrest, go I'll be trust-ing Je - sus, Seek the will of God, and of the night are long, so in ev - 'ry place the word of Christ la - tion for his . woe; for CHORUS. hap -Christian's face. ру what it says to me: "I know whom I have song: al - ways sing this bless - ed Bi ble go. and am persuad - ed that he is a - ble to keep that which I've comday." un - to him a - gainst that O praise the

#### No. 85.

#### I Know He's Mine.





### If Jesus Goes With Me.—Concluded.



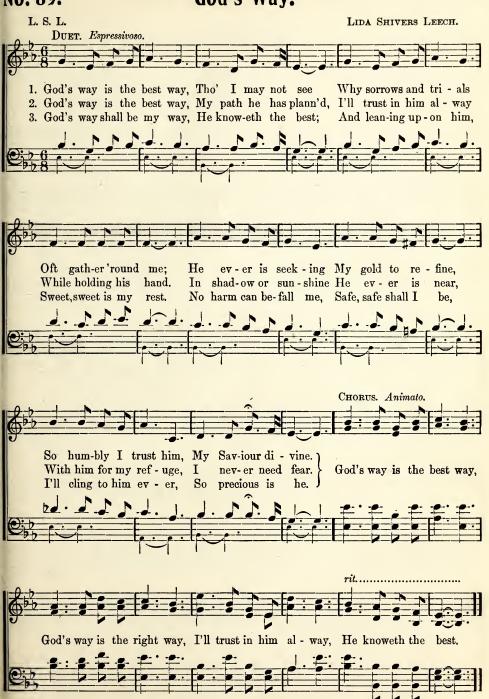
#### No. 87.

#### Does Jesus Care?

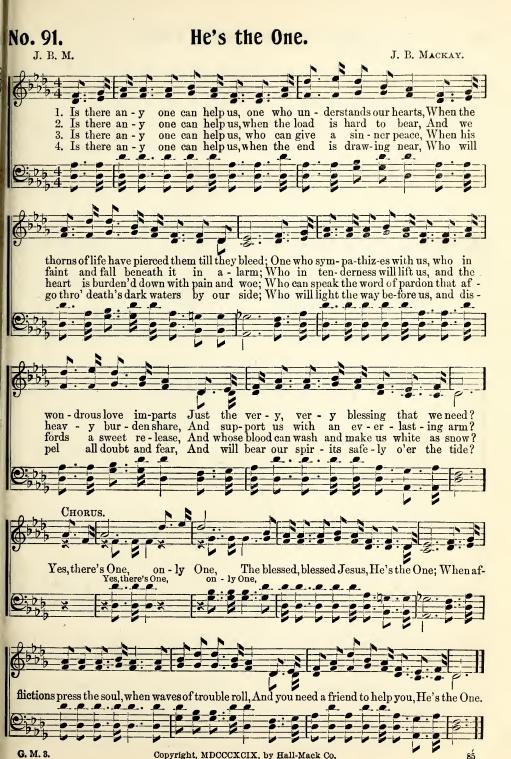


And yet he lov-eth me; I would that you might know him too, This friend of mine,

#### God's Way.







#### Dwelling in Beulah Land.



#### Dwelling in Beulah Land.—Concluded. man- na from a boun-ti- ful sup-ply For I am dwelling in Beu-lah Land. No. 93. In the Garden. C. A. M. C. AUSTIN MILES. Slowly. I come to the garden a - lone, While the dew is still on the ros - es; And the He speaks, and the sound of his voice Is so sweet the birds hush their singing, And the 3. I'd stay in the garden with him Tho' the night around me be fall - ing, But he hear, Fall-ing on The Son of God dis - clos $\mathbf{m}\mathbf{y}$ ear; es. That he gave With-in my heart mel o - dy, to me; is ring ing. Thro' the voice of me go: woe. His voice to meis call ing. CHORUS. And he walks with me, and he talks with me, And he tells me we share as we tar - ry there, None oth - er has ev - er known.

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G. M. 3.



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G. M. 3.

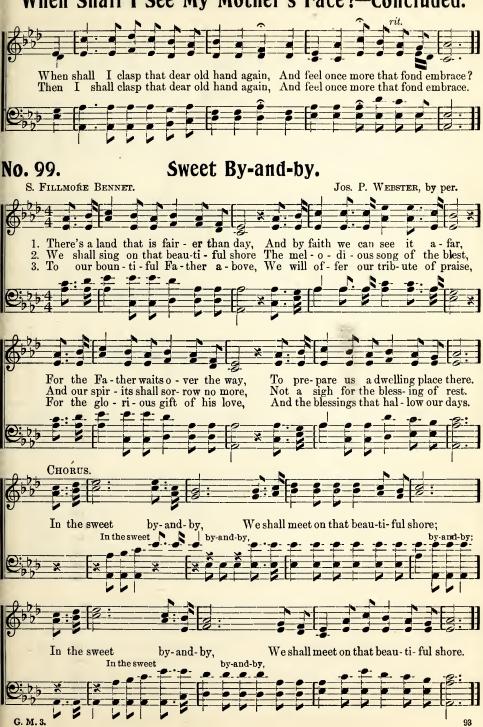






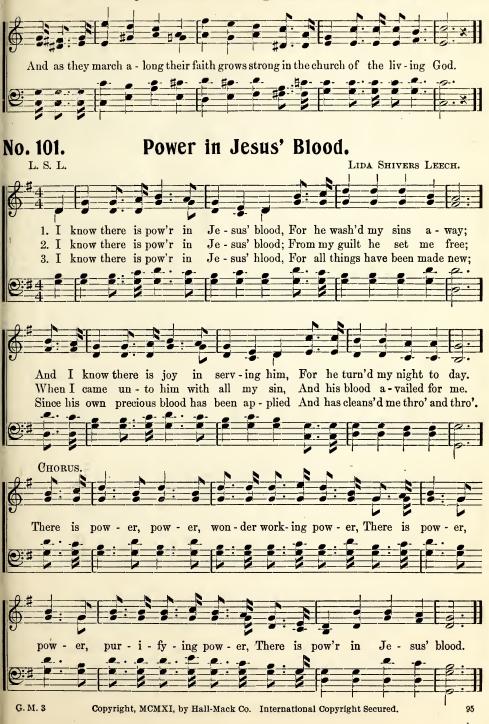
# No. 98. When Shall I See My Mother's Face? C. A. M. (Inspired by my mother.) C. Austin Miles. Solo. 1. Tho' ma - ny, many years may pass a- way, Life's changes so many may take place, One 2. Her face I never nev- er can for- get, Her voice in my dreams I oft - en hear; Its 3. And when they gently laid her in the tomb To rest till the res-ur-rec-tion day, A vis - ion hovers o'er me ev-'ry day; 'Tis the mem'ry of my dear old mother's face. It sweet tones linger, linger with me yet, As when she taught my lips to form a pray'r. The sweet voice whispered, whispered thro' the gloom, "And God himself shall wipe all tears away." And as a beacon to light my way to God, It soothes me in ev-'ry hour of pain; mem'ry of my moth - er is to me as dear As aught else on earth can ev-er be, I shall meet her, in yonder home so fair, Where naught comes of sorrow, toil nor pain; Has cheered the weary, weary path I've trod, But when shall I see her face a - gain? And while I'm sadly, sadly waiting here, I wonder when that loving face I'll see. know she's waiting, waiting for me there, And then I shall see her face a - gain. CHORUS. when shall I see my mother's face? when shall I see my mother's face? 0 Last v. Yes, then I shall see my mother's face, Yes, then I shall see my mother's face, G. M. 3. Copyright, MDCCCXCVIII, by C. Austin Miles. Used by per. 92

## When Shall I See My Mother's Face?—Concluded.



# The Army of the Living God. No. 100. C. A. M. C. AUSTIN MILES. 1. Hark! On the highway of life a sound, As crest-ed waves of 2. Onward they march with a faith unmoved By an - y change of time or creed; 3. Step in the ranks, you are need - ed there, Cling to the church and God will bless; Lash'd by the storm in its fu - ry spent, As they beat up - on Their's to believe that the word of God Can sup-ply the world's great need. is the hope of the whole wide world For the cause of righteous - ness. as they march along the way of life, Hear the tramp, tramp, tramp of the army Tramp, They are weary of the toil and the travel, of the bit - terness of strife; (of strife;) Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, on the path the saints before have trod, But they hope and trust, looking ev - er Tramp, tramp,

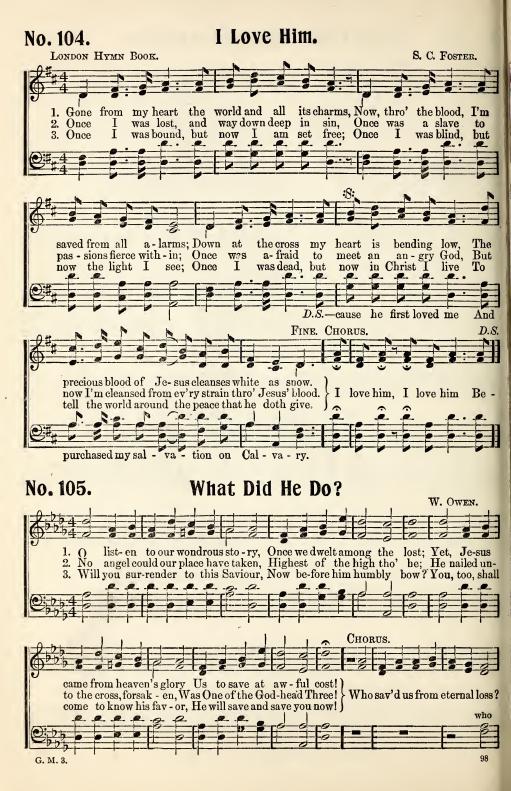
#### The Army of the Living God.—Concluded.





#### No. 103. Jesus Loves the Little Children.



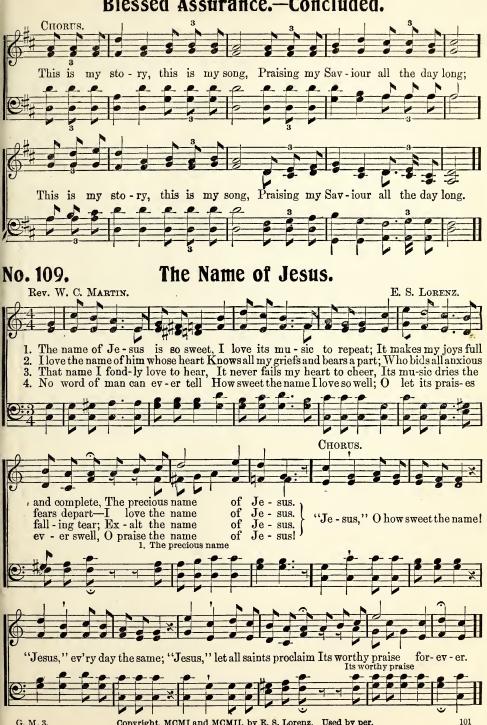


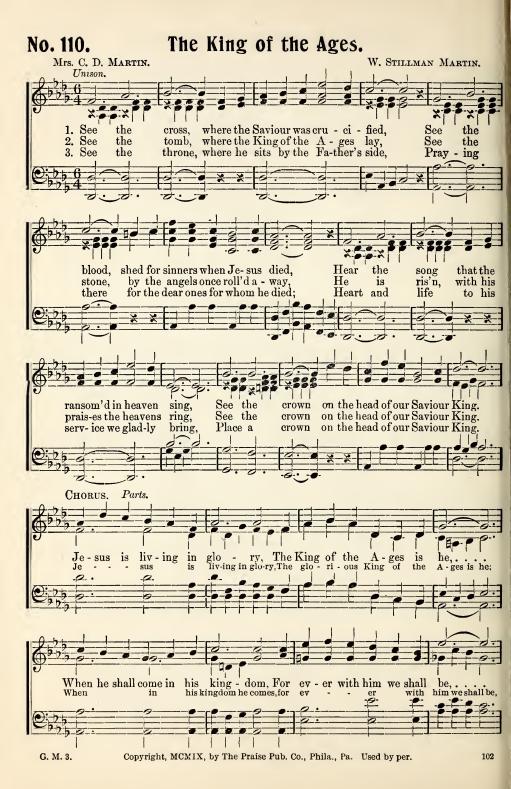
#### What Did He Do?—Concluded.





#### Blessed Assurance.—Concluded.

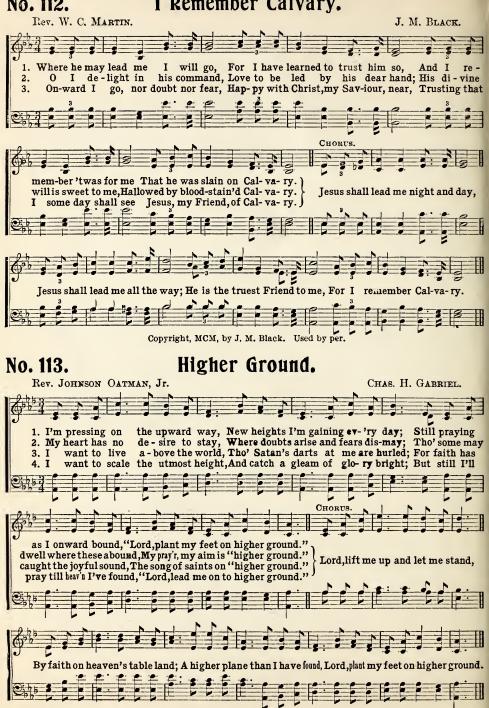


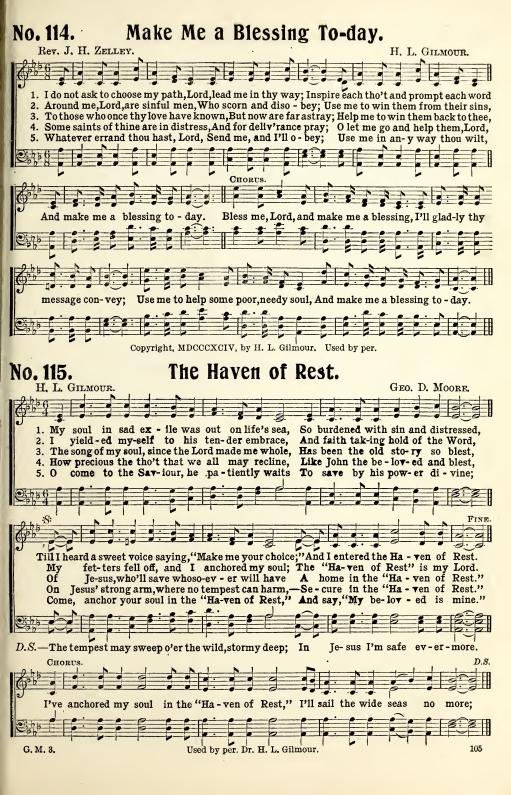


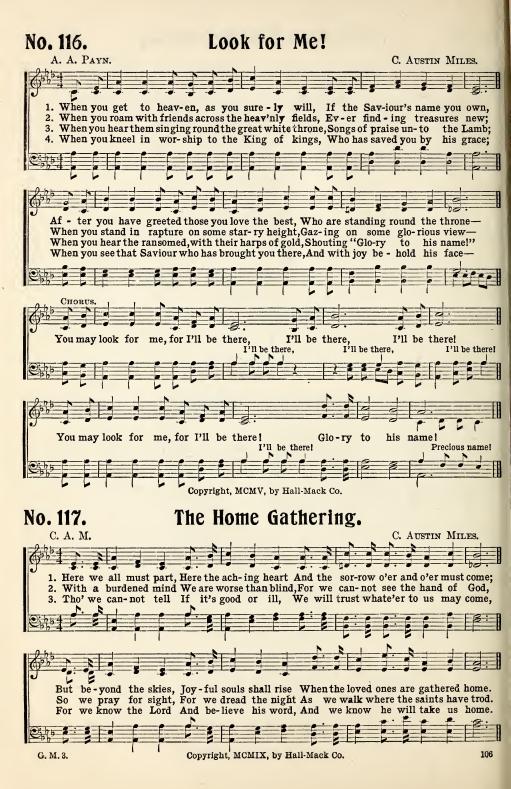


#### No. 112.

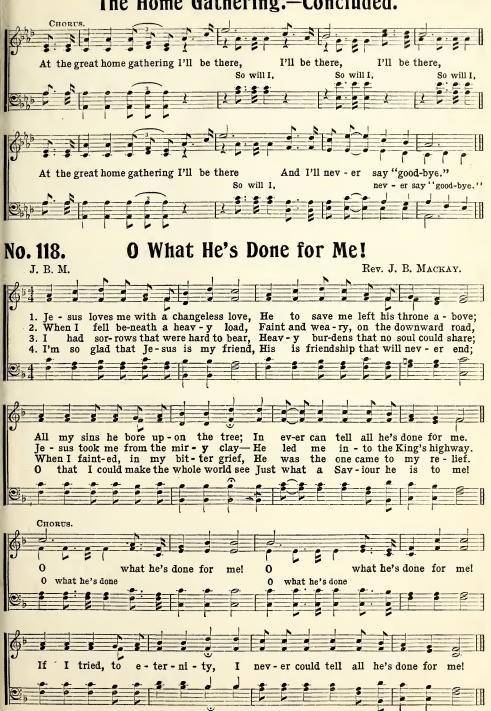
#### I Remember Calvary.





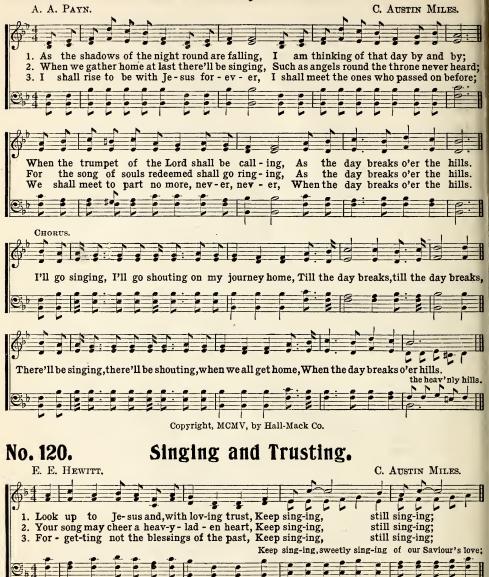


## The Home Gathering.—Concluded.



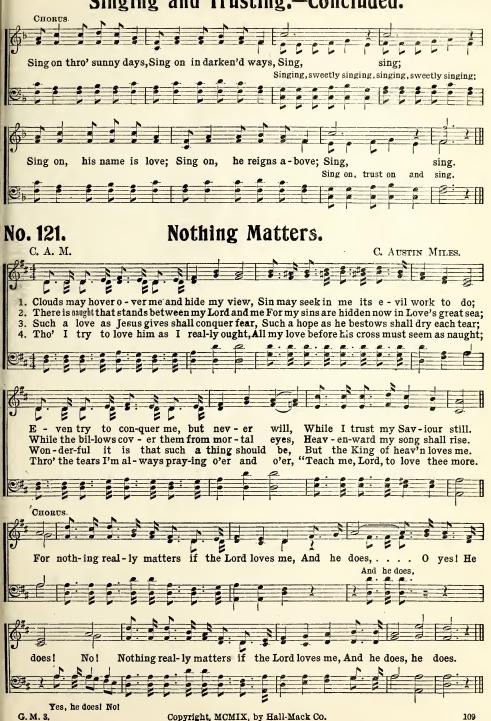


## As the Day Breaks.



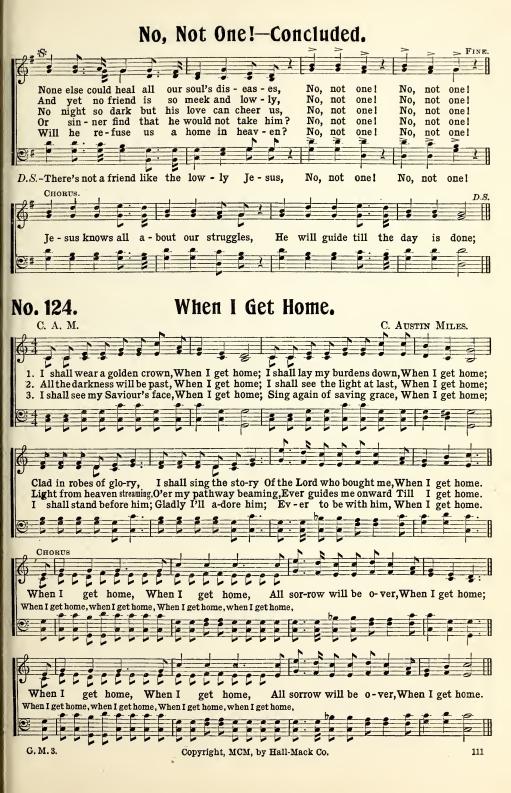
is wise and just; Trust Je-sus, the Sav-iour King. He'll safe - ly guide us, he stronger faith and brighter hope im - part, In Je-sus, the Sav-iour King. sum-mer bloom, or 'mid the win-try blast, Trust Je-sus, the Sav-iour King. And In

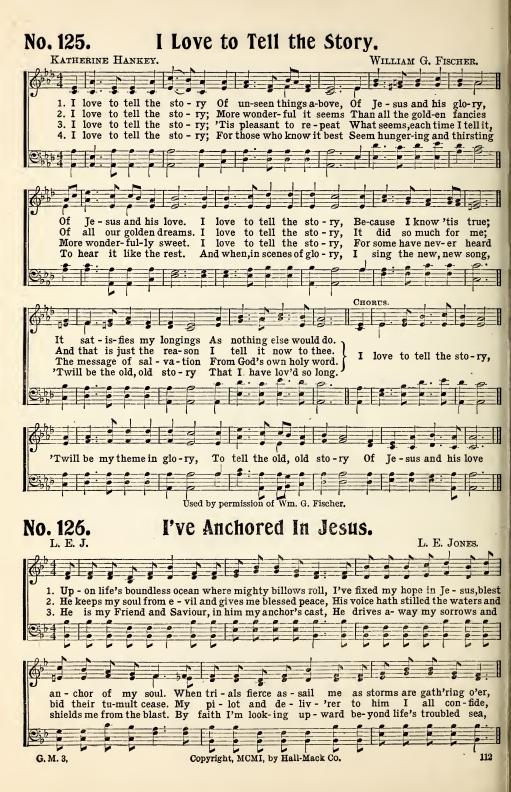
## Singing and Trusting.—Concluded.

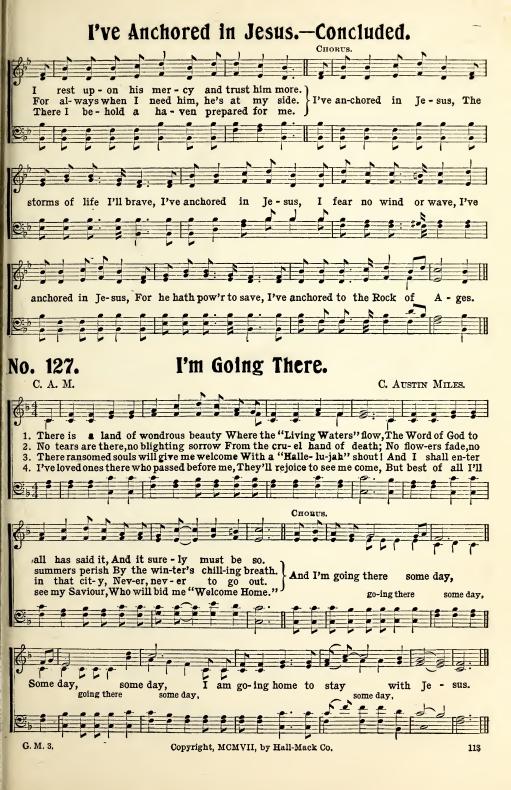


I am On My Way to Heaven. No. 122. HERBERT J. LACEY. 1. I am on my way to heaven where the saints are robed in white, Shouting glory, am on my way to heaven where the streets are pav'd with gold, Shouting glory, 2. I am on my way to heav- en, blessed land of pure de-light, Shouting glory, am on my way to heav- en where I'll see my Saviour's face, Shouting glory,

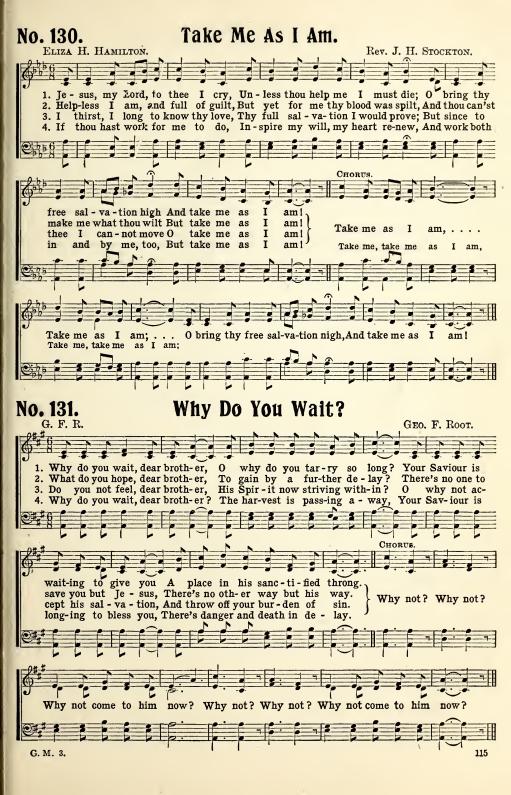
Hal-le-lujahl shouting glo-ry! To that blessed land immortal where can never come the night, shouting glo-ry! the place of ma - ny mansions and of glo-ries yet un-told, shouting glo-ry! Where the bless'd of ev'ry na-tion are for-ev-er cloth'd in white, There I'll sing redemption's story, blessed song of sav-ing grace, shouting glo-ry! CHORUS Shouting glo all the way! glo - ry hal - le - lu- jah! I Hal-le - lu - jah on the way to heaven, Shouting glo-ry, shouting glo-ry! glo - ry hal - le-Hal-le-lujah! Hal-le - lujah! lu-jah! I am on the way to heaven, Shouting glo-ry all the way! Hal-le - lu - jah all the way! Copyright, MCMIV, by Hall-Mack Co. No. Not One! GEO. C. HUGG. JOHNSON OATMAN. Slow and with feeling. a friend like the low - ly Te - sus, No, not one! No. not onel friend like him No, not one! No, not onel is so high and ho - ly, not near us, 3. There's not an hour that he No, not one! No. not is onel 4. Did ev - er saint find this Friend for-sake him? No, not one! No, not one ! Was e'er a gift like the Sav-iour giv-en? No, not onel No, not onel 110 G. M. 3. Geo. C. Hugg, owner of Copyright. Used by per.







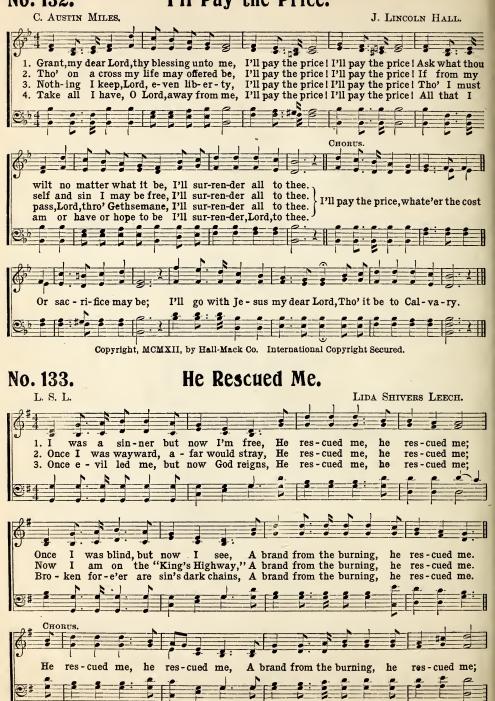




### No. 132.

G. M. 3.

## I'll Pay the Price.

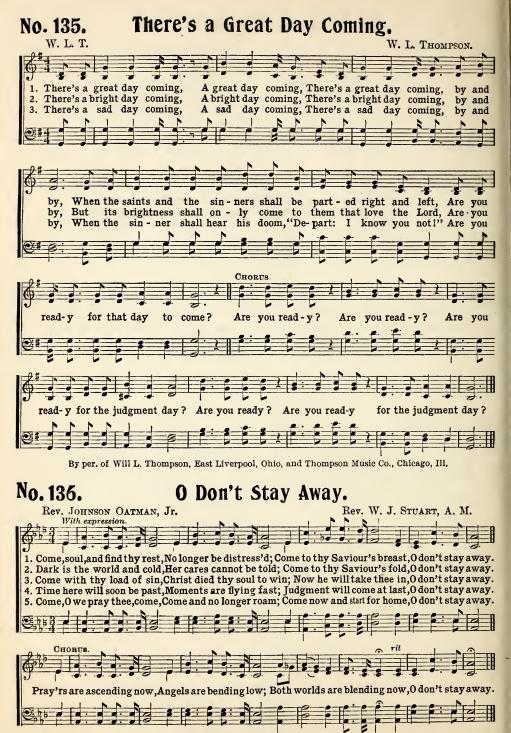


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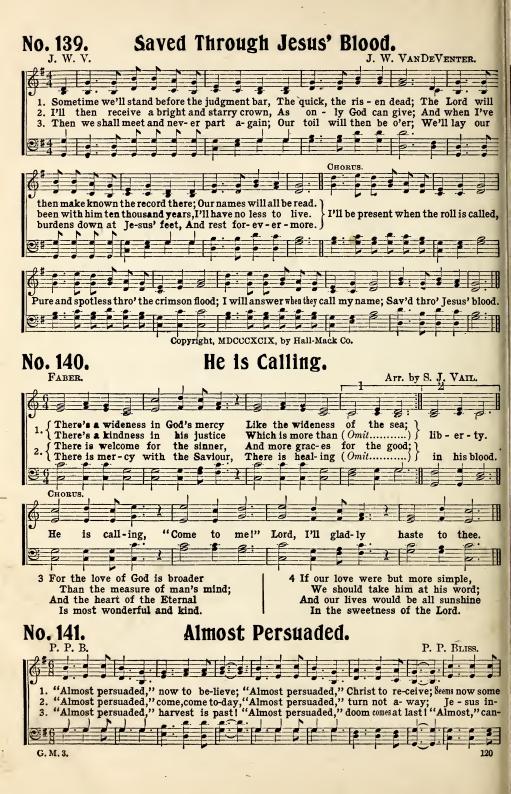
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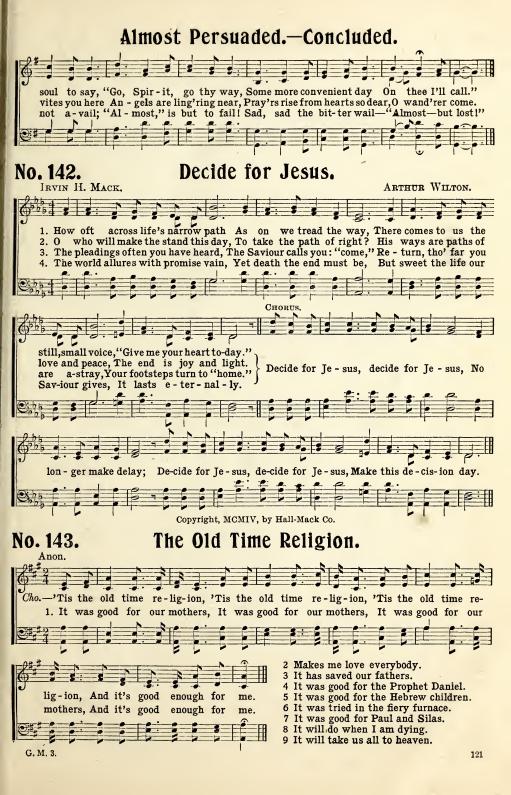
## He Rescued Me.—Concluded.















G. M. 3.

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#### No. 148. Come, Thou Almighty King.

ITALIAN HYMN. (Key G.)

- 1 Come, thou Almighty King, Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise! Father all-glorious, O'er all victorious, Come, and reign over us, Ancient of days!
- 2 Come, thou Incarnate Word, Gird on thy mighty sword, Our prayer attend: Come, and thy people bless, And give thy word success; Spirit of holiness, On us descend!
- 3 Come, Holy Comforter,
  Thy sacred witness bear,
  In this glad hour:
  Thou who almighty art,
  Now rule in every heart,
  And ne'er from us depart,
  Spirit of power!
- 4. To the great One in Three,
  Eternal praises be
  Hence, evermore:
  His sovereign majesty
  May we in glory see,
  And to eternity
  Love and adore!
  —CHARLES WESLEY,

#### No. 149. O for a Thousand Tongues!

AZMON. (Key A.)

- 1 O for a thousand tongues to sing My great Redeemer's praise, The glories of my God and King, The triumphs of his grace!
- 2 My gracious Master and my God, Assist me to proclaim, To spread through all the earth abroad, The honors of thy name.
- 3 Jesus! The name that charms our fears, That bids our sorrows cease; 'Tis music in the sinner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of canceled sin, He sets the prisoner free; His blood can make the foulest clean; His blood availed for me.
- 5 He speaks, and, listening to his voice, New life the dead receive; The mournful, broken hearts rejoice; The humble poor believe.
- 6 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb, Your loosened tongues employ; Ye blind, behold your Saviour come; And leap, ye lame, for joy.

-CHARLES WESLEY.

#### No. 150. Faith of Our Fathers.

ST. CATHERINE. (Key Ab.)

- 1 Faith of our fathers! Living still
  In spite of dungeon, fire and sword:
  O how our hearts beat high with joy
  Whene'er we hear that glorious word!
  Faith of our fathers! Holy faith!
  We will be true to thee till death!
- 2 Our fathers, chained in prisons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free; How sweet would be their children's fate, If they, like them, could die for thee! Faith of our fathers! Holy faith! We will be true to thee till death!
- 3 Faith of our fathers! We will love
  Both friend and foe in all our strife:
  And preach thee, too, as love knows how,
  By kindly words and virtuous life:
  Faith of our fathers! Holy faith!
  We will be true to thee till death!

  —FREDERICK W. FABER.

#### No. 151. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

ST. GERTRUDE. (Key Eb.)

1 Onward, Christian soldiers!
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before,
Christ, the royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See, his banners go!

REFRAIN.

Onward, Christian soldiers!
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.

- 2 Like a mighty army
  Moves the Church of God,
  Brothers, we are treading
  Where the saints have trod;
  We are not divided,
  All one body we,
  One in hope and doctrine,
  One in charity.
- 3 Crowns and thrones may perish,
  Kingdoms rise and wane,
  But the Church of Jesus
  Constant will remain;
  Gates of hell can never
  'Gainst that church prevail,
  We have Christ's own promise,
  And that cannot fail.
- 4 Onward, then, ye people!
  Join the happy throng,
  Blend with ours your voices
  In the triumph song;
  Glory, laud and honor
  Unto Christ the King,
  This through countless ages
  Men and angels sing.

-SABINE BARING-GOULD.

#### No. 152. How Firm a Foundation.

PORTUGUESE HYMN. (Key Ab.)

- 1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord! Is laid for your faith in his excellent word! What more can he say, than to you he hath said, ||: To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled?: ||
- 2 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed, For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,

: Upheld by my gracious, omnipotent hand.:

- 3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
  The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
  For I will be with thee thy trouble to bless,
  ||: And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress. :||
- 4 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose, I will not—I will not desert to his foes; "The soul—though all hell should endeavor to shake,

||: I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake! :||
-G. KEITH.

## No. 153. Nearer, My God, to Thee. (Key G.)

1 Nearer, my God, to thee,

Nearer to thee; E'en though it be a cross That raiseth me; Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to thee,

Nearer, my God, to thee,

Nearer to thee!
Though like a wandere

2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,

Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

3 There let the way appear

Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me;
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer, my God, to thee.

Nearer to thee!

4 There with my waking thoughts
 Bright with thy praise,
 Out of my stony griefs,
 Bethel I'll raise;
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer, my God, to thee,

Nearer to thee!

5 Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer, my God, to thee,

Nearer to thee! -SARAH F. ADAMS.

No. 154. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Hollingside. (Key Eb.)

- 1 Jesus, lover of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly, While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high! Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life is past; Safe into the haven guide, O receive my soul at last!
- 2 Other refuge have I none;
  Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
  Leave, ah! Leave me not alone,
  Still support and comfort me:
  All my trust on thee is stayed,
  All my help from thee I bring;
  Cover my defenseless head
  With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
  More than all in thee I find;
  Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
  Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
  Just and holy is thy name,
  I am all unrighteousness;
  False and full of sin I am,
  Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
  Grace to cover all my sin:
  Let the healing streams abound;
  Make and keep me pure within.
  Thou of life the fountain art,
  Freely let me take of thee:
  Spring thou up within my heart,
  Rise to all eternity.

  —CHARLES WESLEY.

## No. 155. Just As I Am. (Key Eb.)

1 Just as I am, without one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me, And that thou bidd'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
- 3 Just as I am, though tossed about, With many a conflict, many a doubt, Fightings within and fears without, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
- 4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind, Sight, riches, healing of the mind, Yea, all I need, in thee I find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
- 5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve; Because thy promise I believe, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
- 6 Just as I am—thy love unknown Hath broken every barrier down; Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

-CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

## No. 156. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

OLIVET. (Key Eb.)

- 1 My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary, Saviour divine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my guilt away, O let me from this day Be wholly thine!
- 2 May thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire; As thou hast died for me, O may my love to thee Pure, warm, and changeless be, A living fire!
- 3 While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be thou my guide; Bid darkness turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears away, Nor let me ever stray From thee aside.
- 4 When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold, sullen stream Shall o'er me roll; Blest Saviour, then, in love, Fear and distrust remove; O bear me safe above, A ransomed soul!

-RAY PALMER.

#### No. 157. Rock of Ages.

TOPLADY. (Key Bb.)

- 1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee; Let the water and the blood, From thy wounded side which flowed, Be of sin the double cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
- 2 Could my tears forever flow, Could my zeal no languor know, These for sin could not atone, Thou must save, and thou alone; In my hand no price I bring, Simply to thy cross I cling.
- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath, When my eyes shall close in death, When I rise to worlds unknown, And behold thee on thy throne, Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee!

-AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY.

### No. 158. When I Survey.

EUCHARIST. (Key D.)

- 1 When I survey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of Glory died, My richest gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God; All the vain things that charm me most, I sacrifice them to his blood.

- 3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet, Sorrow and love flow mingled down; Did e'er such love and sorrow meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
  That were a present far too small;
  Love so amazing, so divine,
  Demands my soul, my life, my all.
  —ISAAC WATTS.

### No. 159. The Morning Light is Breaking.

WEBB. (Key Bb.)

- 1 The morning light is breaking,
  The darkness disappears;
  The sons of earth are waking
  To penitential tears:
  Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
  Brings tidings from afar,
  Of nations in commotion,
  Prepared for Zion's war.
- 2 See heathen nations bending
  Before the God we love,
  And thousand hearts ascending
  In gratitude above:
  While sinners now confessing,
  The gospel call obey,
  And seek the Saviour's blessing,
  A nation in a day.
- 3 Blest river of salvation,
  Pursue thine onward way;
  Flow thou to every nation,
  Nor in thy richness stay,
  Stay not till all the lowly
  Triumphant reach their home;
  Stay not till all the holy
  Proclaim, "The Lord is come;"
  —SAMUEL F. SMITH.

#### No. 160. God Be With You.

(Key Db.)

1 God be with you till we meet again, By his counsels guide, uphold you, With his sheep securely fold you, God be with you till we meet again.

#### CHORUS.

Till we meet, till we meet,
Till we meet at Jesus' feet,
Till we meet, till we meet,
God be with you till we meet again.

- 2 God be with you till we meet again, 'Neath his wings protecting, hide you, Daily manna still provide you, God be with you till we meet again.
- 3 God be with you till we meet again, When life's perils thick confound you, Put his arms unfailing 'round you, God be with you till we meet again.
- 4 God be with you till we meet again, Keep love's banner floating o'er you, Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet again.

-J. E. RANKIN.

# No. 161. My Country, 'Tis of Thee. AMERICA. (Key F.)

- 1 My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing: Land where my fathers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride, From every mountain side Let freedom ring!
- 2 My native country, thee,
  Land of the noble, free,
  Thy name I love;
  I love thy rocks and rills,
  Thy woods and templed hills;
  My heart with rapture thrills,
  Like that above.
- 3 Let music swell the breeze,
  And ring from all the trees
  Sweet freedom's song;
  Let mortal tongues awake;
  Let all that breathe partake;
  Let rocks their silence break,
  The sound prolong.
- 4 Our fathers' God, to thee, Author of liberty, To thee we sing; -Long may our land be bright With freedom's holy light; Protect us by thy might, Great God, our King.

-SAMUEL F. SMITH.

#### No. 162. How Sweet the Name.

AZMON. (Key A.)

- 1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
  In a believer's ear!
  It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
  And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole, And calms the troubled breast; 'Tis manna to the hungry soul, And to the weary rest
- 3 Dear name! The Rock on which I build, My shield and hiding-place, My never-failing treasury, filled With boundless stores of grace;
- 4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Brother, Friend, My Prophet, Priest, and King, My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End, Accept the praise I bring.

-JOHN NEWTON.

### No. 163. In the Cross of Christ.

(Key C.)

- 1 In the cross of Christ I glory,
  Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
  All the light of sacred story
  Gathers round its head sublime.
- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me, Hopes deceive, and fears annoy, Never shall the cross forsake me, Lo! It glows with peace and joy. G. M. 3.

- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
  Light and love upon my way,
  From the cross the radiance streaming
  Adds more lustre to the day.
- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanctified; Peace is there that knows no measure, Joys that through all time abide.

-Sir J. BOWRING.

#### No. 164. Happy Day.

(Key G.)

1 0 happy day, that fixed my choice On thee, my Saviour and my God! Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all abroad.

#### CHORUS.

Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away!
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day:
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away!

- 2 O happy bond that seals my vows To him who merits all my love! Let cheerful anthems fill his house, While to that sacred shrine I move.
- 3 'Tis done: the great transaction's done! I am my Lord's and he is mine; He drew me and I followed on, Charmed to confess the voice divine.

-P. DODDRIDGE.

#### No. 165. All Hail the Power.

MILES' LANE. (Key Bb.)
CORONATION. (Key G.)

- 1 All hail the power of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race, Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
  The wormwood and the gall;
  Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
  And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Let every kindred, every tribe On this terrestrial ball, To him all majesty ascribe, And crown him Lord of all.
- 5 0 that, with yonder sacred throng,
   We at his feet may fall!
   We'll join the everlasting song,
   And crown him Lord of all.

-EDWARD PERRONET.

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